

Old Rattler

Rattler was a good old dog, as blind as he could be
But every night at suppertime, I believe that dog could see

Here, Rattler, here, here, Rattler, here
Call old Rattler from the barn, here, Rattler, here

Rattler broke the other night, I thought he treed a coon
When I come to find him, he's barkin' at the moon

* Refrain

Rattler was a friendly dog, even though he was blind
He wouldn't hurt a living thing, he was so very kind

* Refrain

One night I saw a big fat coon, climb into a tree
I called Ol' Rattler right away, to fetch him down for me

* Refrain

But Rattler wouldn't fetch for me, because he liked that coon
I saw them walking paw in paw, later by the light of the moon

* Refrain

Grandpa had a muley cow, muley since she was born
It took a jaybird forty years, to fly from horn to horn

* Refrain

Now old Rattler's dead and gone, like all the good dogs do
Don't put on the dog yourself, or you'll be going there too

* Refrain

Rabbit in the log

1. There's a rabbit in the log and I ain't got no dog
How will I get him I know
I'll get me a briar and I'll twist it in his hair
That's how I'll get him I know
I know (I know) I know (yes I know)
That's how I'll get him I know
I'll get me a briar and I'll twist it in his hair
That's how I'll get him I know

2. I'll build me a fire and I'll roast that old hare
Roll him in the flames to make him brown
And I'll feast here tonight while the moon's shining bright
Just find me a place to lie down
To lie down, to lie down
Find me a place to lie down
I'll feast here tonight while the moon's shining bright
Just find me a place to lie down

3. I'm going down the track with a chicken on my back
The soles on my shoes nearly gone
Just a little ways ahead there's an old framer's shed
That's where I'll rest my weary bones
Weary bones, weary bones
That's where I'll rest my weary bones
Just a little ways ahead there's an old farmer's shed
That's where I'll rest my weary bones

Old Rattler

Verse

Ratt-ler was a good old dog, blind as he could be. Ever-y time sup-per came, think that dog could see. Oh

here, Ratt-ler here, here, here Ratt-ler here, Call old Ratt-ler from the barn, Here, Ratt-ler here.

Chorus

Rabbit in a Log

There's a rab-bit in a log and I ain't got no dog. How will I get him? I fine know.

Get me a briar and twist it in his hair That's how I'll get him, I know. D.S. al fine I

know (I know) I know (I know) that's how I'll get him I know

Which Side Are You On?

By Florence Reece. ©1947 by Stormking Music, Inc.
Recorded originally for the Library of Congress in
1937 by Alan and Elizabeth Lomax.

Cm Fm

Come all of you good work - ers, Good news to you I'll

Cm Fm Cm Gm Cm

tell, — Of how the good old un - ion has come in here to dwell.

Chorus:

Cm Gm Cm

Which side are you on? Which side are you on?

Come all of you good workers,
Good news to you I'll tell,
Of how the good old union
Has come in here to dwell.

Refrain:

Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
(Repeat after each verse)

We've started our good battle,
We know we're sure to win,
Because we've got the gun thugs
A-lookin' very thin.

They say they have to guard us
To educate their child
Their children lives in luxury,
Our children's almost wild.

With pistols and with rifles
They take away our bread,
And if you miners hinted it,
They'll sock you on the head.

If you go up to Harlan County
There is no neutral there,
You'll either be a union man
Or a thug for J. H. Blair.

Oh gentlemen, can you stand it?
Oh tell me how you can?
Will you be a gun thug
Or will you be a man?

My daddy was a miner,
He is now in the air and sun, *
He'll be with you fellow workers,
Until the battle's won.

*Blacklisted and without a job.

The wreck of the old 97

Well, they gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia
Saying Steve you are way behind time
This is not thirty eight, but it's old ninety seven
You must put her into Danville on time

He turned and said to his black greasy fireman
Just shovel on a little more coal
And when we cross the White Oak Mountain
You can watch old ninety seven roll

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
On a line on a three mile grade
It was on this grade that he lost his air brakes
You can see what a jump he made

He was going down the grade makin' ninety miles an hour
When his whistle broke into a scream
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
He was scalded to death by the steam

Now ladies, you must take warning
From this time now on learn
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband
He may leave you and never return

Wreck of the Old 97

Well they gave him his ord-ers in Mon-roe Vir-gin-ia, say-ing

"Steve, you're way be-hind time. This is not thir-ty eight but it's

old nine-ty sev-en, you should put her in Dan-ville on time

Bringing Mary Home

I was driving down a lonely road one dark and stormy night
When a little girl by the roadside showed up in my headlights
I stopped and she got in back and in a shaky tone
She said: My name is Mary, please won't you take me home?

She must have been so frightened all alone there in the night
There was something strange about her, for her face was deathly white
She sat so pale and quiet in the back seat all alone
I'll never will forget that night I took Mary home

I pulled into the driveway where she told me to go
Got out to help her from the car and opened up the door
But I just could not believe my eyes 'cause the back seat was bare
I looked all around the car but Mary wasn't there

A light shone from the porch, someone opened up the door
I asked about the little girl that I was looking for
Then a lady gently smiled and brushed a tear away
She said: It sure was nice of you to go out of your way

But thirteen years ago today a wreck just down the road
Our darling Mary lost her life and we miss her so
Thank you for your trouble and the kindness you have shone
You're the thirteenth one who's been here bringing Mary home

Coal Tattoo

Billy Ed Wheeler

Travelin' down that coaltown road,
Listen to my rubber tires whine;
Goodbye to Buckeye and White Sycamore,
I'm leavin' you behind.
I've been a coal miner all my life
Layin' down track in the hole,
Got a back like an ironwood bent by the wind
Blood veins as blue as the coal.

Somebody said "That's a strange tattoo
You have on the side of your head."
I said "That's a mark of number nine coal
A little more and I'd be dead"
But I love the rumble and I love the dark
I love the cool of the slate.
But it's travelin' down a new road lookin' for a job
It's the travelin' and lookin' I hate.

I've stood for the union, I walked in the line,
I fought against the company;
I stood for the U. M. W. of A.
Now who's gonna stand for me?
Cause I got no job, I got no pay,
I just got a worried soul;
And this blue tattoo on the side of my head
Left by the number nine coal.

Someday when I'm dead and gone
To Heaven, the land of my dreams,
I won't have to worry on losin' my job
To bad times 'n big machines.
Won't have to pay my money away
On dues and hospital plans
I'm gonna cut coal on the blue heaven's lode
Sing with the angel band,
sing with the angel band

Appalachian Humor

Adapted from: Loesser, Arthur. *Humor in American Song*. New York: Howell, Soskin, Publishers, 1942.

Character: Traveler and Squatter

Traveler: How do you do, stranger?

Squatter: Do pretty much as I please, sir. (Plays first part of Arkansas Traveler, a fiddle tune)

Traveler: Stranger, do you live about here?

Squatter: I reckon I don't live anywheres else! (Plays first part of A.T. again)

Traveler: Well, how long have you lived here?

Squatter: See that big tree there? Well, that was there when I come. (Plays first part again).

Traveler: Well, you don't need to be so cross about it; I wasn't asking no improper questions at all!

Squatter: I reckon there's nobody cross here except yourself! (Plays first part again).

Traveler: How did your potatoes turn out here last year?

Squatter: They didn't turn out at all; we dug 'em out. (Plays first part only).

Traveler: Can I stay here all night?

Squatter: Yes, you kin stay right where you air, out en the road. (Plays first part again).

Traveler: How far is it to the next tavern?

Squatter: I reckon it's some distance. (Plays first part again)

Traveler: How long will it take to get there?

Squatter: You'll not git there at all, if ye stay here foolin' with me. (Plays first part).

Traveler: How far is it to the forks of the road?

Squatter: It ain't forked since I been here. (Plays first part again)

Traveler: Where does this road go to?

Squatter: It ain't gone anywhere since I been here—jist stayed right here. (Plays first part again).

Traveler: Why don't you put a new roof on your house?

Squatter: Because it's rainin' and I can't. (Plays first part again).

Traveler: Why don't you do it when it is not raining?

Squatter: It don't leak then. (Plays first part again).

Traveler: Can I get across the branch down here?

Squatter: I reckon you kin, the ducks cross whenever they want to. (Plays first part again)

Traveler: Why don't you play the rest of the tune?

(The player stops as quick as lightening)

Squatter: Gee, stranger, can you play the rest of that tune? I've been down to New Orleans and I heard it at the theater, and I've been at work at it ever since I got back, trying to get the last part of it. If you can play the rest of that tune, you kin stay in this cabin for the rest of your natural life. Git right down, hitch your horse and come in! I don't keer if it is a-rainin'! I don't keer if the beds is all full! We'll make a shake-down on the floor and ye kin kiver with the door. We hain't got much to eat, but what we have, you're mighty welcome to it. Here, Sal, old woman, fly round and git some corndodgers and bacon for the gentleman—he knows the last part of the tune! Don't you, stranger—didn't you say you did? If you know it, you are a friend and a "brother-come-to-me-arms;" if you don't, you've excited a tiger in me and I'll have nothing short of your heart's blood! Git down, git down!

Traveler: Yes, I can play it; there's no use in getting mad. I'll play it for you as soon's I get something to eat.

Squatter: Fly 'round here; old woman, set the table, bring out the knives and forks. Git off'n your hoss, stranger, and come in and have someth'n, and then play the rest of that tune.

Excerpts from: <http://www.northern.wvnet.edu/~gnorton/ss207/ghoststories.htm>.

West Virginia And Appalachian Subculture

Appalachian Ghost Stories by Julie Goodfellow

It has always been said that ghost stories and Appalachia go hand in hand. Life in Appalachia has always been isolated - so for entertainment many families told spooky, scary stories of ghosts and ghouls. Most of the ghost stories in Appalachia are considered folklore. Folklore is a general term for the verbal, spiritual, and material aspects of any culture that are transmitted orally, by observation or by imitation (Fossell, Eric). Some people believe in the existence of paranormal phenomena and some people do not. The mountains of Appalachia have always been rich in such beliefs...

Another story entitled "Spirit On The Lock" also happened in Kentucky. While studying folklore at Western Kentucky University in the 1970s, local storyteller, Tim Rutherford, met a family who lived in a 19th century lockmaster's house on the Green River. When the husband and wife were in bed, they would hear the back door open and the screen door slam shut, followed by footsteps across the kitchen, down the hall and up the stairs. The bedroom door would open, and they would feel the sensation of weight as something "sat" on the bed. They took the bizarre happening in stride, figuring the ghost had worked on a boat or was the old lockmaster who drowned in the 1880s. They never saw an apparition. One night, exhausted from caring for their sick children, the wife shouted for the ghost to leave them alone, that the kids had fevers. The quilt shot off the bed, prompting her to apologize. Later, footsteps went toward the children's room for the first time. The next morning everyone was well. The family credited the ghost. Rutherford said the family never changed their story of what happened, which substantiated their story (Linn, Linda)...

The Mandy Tree is another popular Appalachian ghost story. This story was even featured on *Ripley's Believe It Or Not*. Mandy Holloman of Madisonville, KY was a good wife, mother, and avid gardener. One day in the 1920s, while working in her yard she was shot to death. Mandy's family decided to plant an Oak tree in her honor. Around 1940, the Oak tree's leaves started taking on the shape of Mandy's profile. It later became known as the Mandy tree. Before the tree died it was featured on a popular television show. To this day photographs still exist of the famous Oak tree and its Mandy shaped leaves (Linn, Linda)...

Another ghost story hails from Clarksburg, WV. "This is just a creepy place. My friend was driving on Stewarts Run Road which leads to Barbour county. She was traveling along when she saw a glowing white form in the road; she did not have time to stop and ended up going through it. She stopped and got out of the car, but there was nothing there. She told this to our group of friends and one of us has a friend whose grandmother lives on Stewarts Run Road. Her grandmother said there had been a witch

who had lived along the road in the 1800s. The people accused him of doing evil spells, and the man ended up being murdered. The community did not want to bury the man in the ground for fear of 'ruining it,' so they blocked him up in cement in the cemetery. His cement tomb is there beside a little white church (which was later built) (Kristal).

Appalachia is not only known for its ghost stories but for its ghost story writers. Ambrose Bierce, one of America's foremost ghost story writers grew up in the mountains of Appalachia. Bierce was born in 1842 in Ohio. He wrote "macabre" short stories about warfare, horror, and death. He enlisted in the Union Army and fought in several major battles of the Civil War, including Shiloh, Chickamauga and Kennesaw Mountain. His first hand experiences with the carnage and brutality of war were burned into his mind forever and inspired him to write for the rest of his life. His most famous war story was "An Occurrence At Owl Creek Bridge," an eerie dreamlike tale of a captured Confederate soldier who imagines a daring escape from his hanging. Bierce's supernatural tales had a western Gothic feel to them. They also developed a psychological aspect of horror that was first recognized by Edgar Allan Poe. Bierce's most famous supernatural works are "In The Midst of Life" and "Can Such Things Be?" (Haunted Woods Mysterious Visions).

Coal Mining in Appalachia
Oral History by Elza Moore - interview June 23, 2001 2:30 pm
Canvas, West Virginia

Interviewed by: Betty Dotson-Lewis
www.appalachianpower.com

Coal Miner, Elza Moore - "33 years underground"

I asked, "When did you start working in the coal mines?"

He told me: In 1955 when I was still 17 years old I started working in a coal mine, Donnegan's Coal Mines in Donnegan's Hollow. My Dad had gotten me a job on the day shift loading coal. The coal was probably 30" to 36 " high and I worked until the end of summer.

I asked, "What shift did you work?"

He told me: I was going back to high school so they put me on the 3rd shift that way I could keep my job to help the family out and go to school at the same time.

I asked, "What job did you have in the mines?"

He told me: I shot rock in headings and hand loaded it out to make room for the belt because that was our transportation in and out of the mines.

I asked, "What about dangers in the coal mines?"

He told me: In 1960 my brother was in a mining accident that tore his arm off at the shoulder. It was a terrible accident. I became a little disgusted with mining so I went out west to the uranium mines and worked there for one year. But I came back and went to work for Island Creek Coal Company at Werth. The coal at Island Creek was about 14 feet to 24 feet high. I liked working for Island Creek at this mine because the coal was high. You did not have to even wear knee pads, nor crawl on your hands and knees. That just wasn't for me, crawling on my hands and knees all day or night long. So, I felt like coal mining finally was working out for me. I really liked mining.

I asked, "Have you been involved many accidents?"

He told me: I have been through some accidents that were pretty bad. One time I remember the top was working. I was running a coal drill and watching the cutter man cut a place when I looked up and saw little flakes of rock coming from the ceiling so I shook my light at him as a signal. He shut the cutter off and I told him, "I believe this place is falling in." We shut all the machinery off. The roof was falling in behind us running us all the way outside. We no more got out of the drift mouth when a big puff of air came out of the mine. Practically the entire mine had caved in.

I asked, "What jobs have you done in the coal mines?"

He told me: After I had worked at the mines for quite a spell, I began running the cutting machine. On one shift I was waiting for the bolting machine to get out of the place so I could cut it so I was watching the bolts. They didn't seem to be anchoring good and the ribs were popping coal off of them.

The boss said, "Go ahead and cut that place."

I said, "No, it is not safe."

He said, "Well, we will make it safe."

I said, "Yes, we will, if we work it," so he got some timbers and set them and I could tell those timbers were taking weight, I said, "I still will not cut it because it is not safe." They brought cribs in and before they could get the cribs in place the whole entry starting caving in.

The boss then said, "I will never doubt your word again."

Another time, lightening ran in the coal mines. I had cut a place in the coal and the driller had drilled it and I helped the shot fireman tamp up a cut of coal.

I said, "Joe, give me time to move my cutter out of the way before you shoot this."

He said, "OK, I will wait for you to get back here." I had not made it back to the cutting machine when the shoot of coal exploded.

I said, "Joe, I thought I asked you not to set that off until I got clear."

He said, "Deed, I did not do that."

We found out lightening had come into the mines and set off explosives. This meant we had to rewire everything and shoot it again.

I asked, "Do you think safety has improved in the coal mines?"

He told me:

When I started working in the mines in 1955, the safety rules were not very strict. We had no protection from unsafe working conditions and you were responsible for buying all of your own equipment; knee pads, lights, and caps, but after 1960, the company was required to furnish safety devices; hard hats and safety glasses, respirators, and hard toe shoes.

I asked, "Do you have black lung?"

He told me: I wore my respirator all the time on the job because of the dust from the machines. My jobs were usually operating a cutting machine or coal drill. On my last job I was responsible for running a railroad cart, moving equipment. We were pulling a miner on a flatcar (the miner weighed 60 tons).

I asked, "How did you accident happen?"

He told me: We had a wreck on the railroad track. We were jacking the car back on the track and the jack stripped the cogs and threw the bar out. The bar struck me in the neck and shoulder. That ended my coal mining career. I joined the ranks of the disabled miners.

I asked, "How do you feel about the coal mining industry?"

He told me: Back at the time when I started working in the mines almost everybody in the community worked in the mines. That was our way of life. After starting in the high coal, I loved mining even with the dangers. I worked with the same men from 1960 to 1988 until I was injured. It is like a close family after working with the same people for so long. I even trained my nephew. When he got hired they placed him with me to train.

I asked, "How far underground did you work at times?"

He told me: It was approximately 5 miles from the entrance of the coal mines to where you were working. You would go around curves, up banks, down banks and running a motor was a very dangerous job but I wanted a job that was not close to the face, so I started running a motor. I still wore my respirator because of all of the dust around the railroad tracks. When I took my black lung test, I only had 5% black lung. I am now watching some of the guys I worked with suffer from black lung because they did not wear their respirator, some have already died.

I didn't encourage my sons to work in the mines because of the dangers. They both got an education and did not have to go to the mines.

Elza's final comment:

I am 63 years old now and I spent 33 years underground, mining. All union mines, that I am proud of. It is hard, dusty, dangerous work and I would not advise anyone to work in a coal mines but it is something that must be done. If mining can be done in a safe manner, it will be a lot better than some of us had it.

end of interview.

Elza has had some serious health problems as a result of his mining accident but he and his wife, Joan, raise a garden every summer and are involved the community and their church serving others.

The Wreck of OI' 97



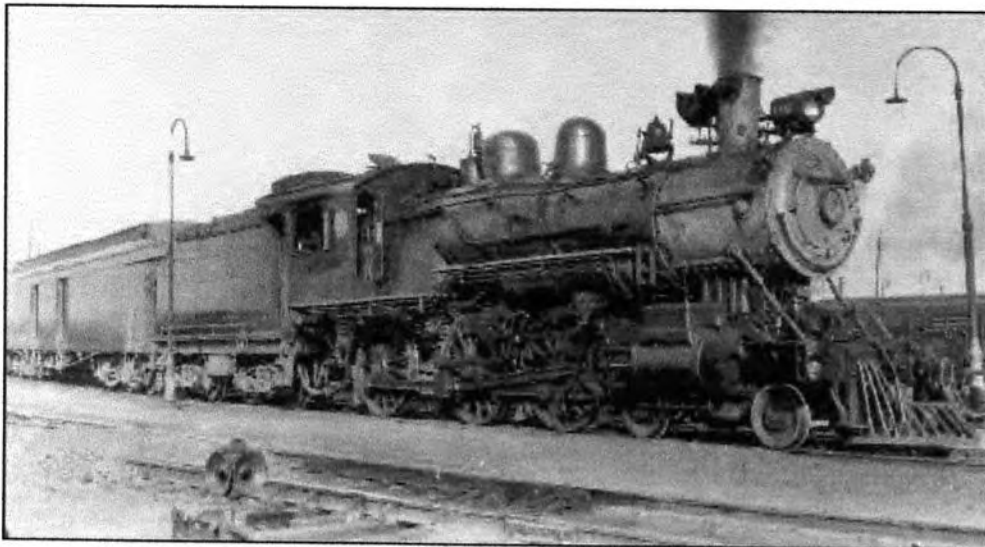
" ... It's a mighty rough road 'tween Lynchburg & Danville and lined on a three-mile grade; It was on that hill that he lost his airbrakes, you see what a jump he made" So says the song "The Wreck of OI' 97", a ballad that is considered the first modern country-western song by music historians. The lore itself is one of the cornerstones that make up the history of the famed Southern Railway. The photo above was taken on Monday, September 28, 1903, or day after the famed mail train leaped off Stillhouse Trestle and into immortality. Eleven men were killed that fateful day.

Engineer Joseph Andrew "Steve" Broady (right) was the engineer on what various songwriters have characterized as the "*fastest mail train that ever run on the Southern Railroad.*" Broady was a 33-year old "boomer" who had previously worked for the Seaboard Air Line and the Norfolk & Western. Such experience was necessary for his job, as Mail Train 97 was indeed the pride of the railroad, with service inaugurated between Washington, DC, and Atlanta.

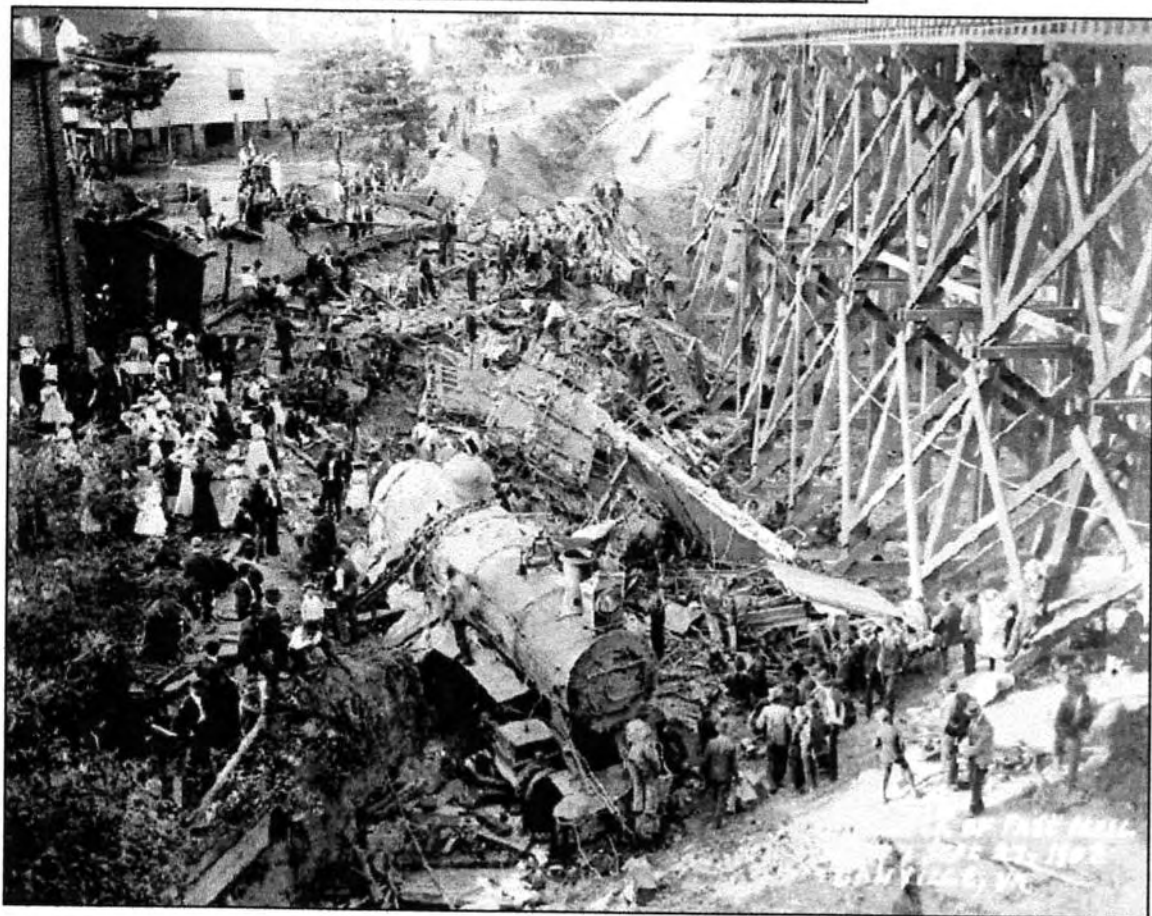
Service for the train was inaugurated on November 2, 1902 and was not quite a year old when the tragedy occurred. Train number 97 was paid

handsomely by Congress, to the tune of a \$140,000 annual contract; however, the railroad was penalized a substantial sum of money for each minute that the mail arrived into Atlanta late.

The train averaged 40 miles an hour, including stops, along its southern route, which is all the more impressive considering the mainline at the time was still a single-track route comprised of fairly light 85-pound rail.



Engine #1102 (left), a 4-6-4 Wheeler, was on the point of the doomed train. She was a Class locomotive, bought new from Baldwin Locomotive Works in 1903. After the wreck, she was rebuilt and served on the line for over 30 more years. The engine was scrapped on July 9, 1935, at the Princeton shop.



The above photo depicts the wreckage several days into the cleanup. Much of the debris has been removed and the engine is now upright. Engineer Broady's body was found in the creek bed between

the locomotive and retaining wall, while the firemen were found between the engine and trestle. Of the eleven men killed, five were railroad men and six were postal workers. Note the smashed Railway Post Office Cars at right.

For the definitive study of this famed wreck and ballad, be sure to check out Howard Gregory's booklet "The History of the Wreck of the Old 97." Dozens of rare photographs and impeccable research make this publication a must-have for railroad buffs and historians alike.

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Florence Reece



By Deana Martin

Born April 12, 1900, in Sharps Chapel, Tennessee, **Florence Reece**, a social activist, poet and songwriter, grew up in a coal camp at Fork Ridge, Tenn. Florence met her husband-to-be, Sam Reece, at the young age of fifteen. Her mother vehemently opposed the marriage. Her father, a coal miner, had been killed the year before in a slate fall. Her mother refused to allow Sam Reece to take her daughter's hand in marriage. Nonetheless, that December the two crossed the state line to Kentucky, where her mother's permission was not needed, and there they were married.

Reece is perhaps best known for her song "Which Side are You On?," which soon became the anthem for the labor movement. The song was written in 1931 during a strike by the United Mine Workers of America (Grattan 109). During this time Reece lived with her husband in Harlan County, on the side of Big Black Mountain in eastern Kentucky with their seven children. Sam Reece was one of the organizers for the United Mine Workers of America. During this strike, the sheriff, J.H. Blair, led his gang of thugs on a violent rampage, beating and murdering union leaders. They found themselves at the Reece's home, where Reece was alone with the children. She held her ground, asking the sheriff, "What are you here for? You know there's nothing but a lot of little hungry children here." Then she somehow got word to her husband not to come home, while the sheriff and his thugs kept watch at the door. The men ransacked the house in search of Sam, to no avail. While Florence waited inside for her husband, she wrote the song on an old wall calendar, to the tune of "Lay the Lily Low".

About 1940, Pete Seeger, an "eager young college dropout wanting to learn union songs," learned the song from Tillman Cadle, a coal miner (Serrin). In 1941 it was recorded by the Almanac Singers. This version made the song famous. The song continues to be sung at gatherings for labor workers and many other social causes throughout the world.

Reece has also written a book, *Against the Current*, which contains a number of short stories and poems. Reece is also responsible for the song "You Can't Live on Jellybeans," which criticized President Reagan after he made cuts in programs for the poor and needy. The title refers to one of Reagan's favorite foods, jellybeans.

Reece has always spoken for unions, whether at rallies, at the grocery store, or at the laundromat. One of the memorable scenes in the Academy-Award winning documentary film *Harlan County, U.S.A.*, a study of the 1974 Brookside, Ky., coal miners' strike, was of Reece rallying strikers and singing her song. According to one writer, "Florence symbolizes that ordinary people out of their own life experiences can capture in simple words and feelings the idea of struggle" (Serrin).

Florence and Sam Reece lived a happy life together. The two were married for 64 years, until Sam died in 1978 of pneumoconiosis, or black lung. After Sam's death, Florence lived in the Kentucky coalfields. She died after suffering a heart attack on August 3, 1986, in Knoxville, Tennessee.

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IN

A CERTAIN PART of the country called Appalachia you will find dogs named Prince or King living in little towns with names like Coal City and Sally's Backbone. These dogs run free, being country dogs, and their legs are full of muscles from running rabbits up mountains or from following boys who push old bikes against the hill roads they call hollows. These are mostly good dogs and can be trusted.

The owners of these dogs who live in Appalachia have names like Mamie and Boyd and

Oley, and they probably have lived in Appalachia all of their lives. Many of them were born in coal camps in tiny houses which stood on poles and on the sides of which you could draw a face with your finger because coal dust had settled on their walls like snow. The owners of these dogs grew up more used to trees than sky and inside them had this feeling of mystery about the rest of the world they couldn't see because mountains came up so close to them and blocked their view like a person standing in a doorway. They weren't sure about going beyond these mountains, going until the land becomes flat or ocean, and so they stayed where they knew for sure how the sun would come up in the morning and set again at night.

The owners of these good dogs work pretty hard. Many of them are coal miners because the

mountains in Appalachia are full of coal which people want and if you are brave enough to travel two miles down into solid dark earth to get it, somebody will pay you money for your trouble. The men and women who mine the coal probably had fathers and grandfathers who were miners before them. Maybe some thought they didn't have any other choice but to be a miner, living in between or on the sides of these mountains, and seeing no way to go off and become doctors or teachers and having no wish to become soldiers.

Those who do go off, who find some way to become doctors or teachers, nearly always come back to the part of Appalachia where they grew up. They're never good at explaining why. Some will say they had brothers and sisters still here and they

5
missed them. But most will shake their heads and have a look on their faces like the look you see on dogs who wander home after being lost for a couple weeks and who search out that corner of the yard they knew they had to find again before they could get a good sleep.

Those who don't live in Appalachia and don't understand it sometimes make the mistake of calling these people "hillbillies." It isn't a good word for them. They probably would prefer "Appalachians." Like anyone else, they're sensitive about words.

The houses in Appalachia are as different as houses anywhere. Some are wood and some are brick. Some have real flowers in pots on the porch and some have plastic ones. Some have shiny new

cars parked in their driveways and some have only the parts of old cars parked in theirs. Most have running water inside the house, with sinks in their kitchens, washing machines in their basements, and pretty blue bathrooms. But a few still have no water pipes inside their houses and they carry their water from an old well or a creek over the hill and they wash themselves in metal tubs and build themselves wooden toilets in their back yards, which most of them call "outhouses."

Inside their homes you will see photographs on the walls, mostly of their children or their families from long ago. And you will see pretty things they have made hanging on these walls: clocks carved from wood, sometimes in the shape of their state, or wreaths made from corn husks.

Some will have pictures they bought at the department store when they went into town.

In their bedrooms there are usually one or two or three quilts somebody in the family made. In the winter these are on the bed, but usually not on top. And in the summer they stay folded up on shelves in small dark closets which smell of old wood and moth balls.

The good dogs who live in Appalachia are not allowed on these beds and most of them are not allowed in the house at all. They have their own houses.

The kitchens of these houses where Mamie or Boyd or Oley live almost always smell like fried bacon or chicken and on top of the stoves there are little plates of food with leftovers from

breakfast or lunch or supper and you can help yourself to a biscuit or maybe a piece of cornbread crumbled into a glass of buttermilk or some cold fried squash. What you don't eat up, the good dogs outside will get and they are happiest when it's the sausage gravy no one could finish.

Morning in these houses in Appalachia is quiet and full of light and the mountains out the window look new, like God made them just that day. Night in these houses is thick, the mountains wear heavy shawls of fog, and giant moths flap at the porch lights while cars cut through the dark hollows like burrowing moles.

If it is Sunday nearly everyone will go to church. Most of these Appalachians are Baptists but many are Methodists or Presbyterians and

some are Catholics. If the church is a Baptist church in the country you can count on people wearing their good clothes—women in dresses, men in suits and ties, and babies dressed up like pictures. There will be a lot of singing in that church and maybe some crying for joy and after the service people will linger in the yard, talking, till the women say it's time to eat, and they will go home and sit around a table spread with potatoes and beans and meat and good hot coffee or sweet iced tea and they will eat until they can eat no more except for the piece of lemon pound cake they saved some room for.

Sunday afternoon they will go to the houses of their relatives to visit and will sit around a kitchen table again, talking, or on the front porch. They

might do a little work for their mothers who live alone, carrying a big box to the shed for her or taking care of the nest of bees hiding near her basement door. Sunday night some of them will go to church again.

In the summer many of the women like to can. It seems their season. They sit on kitchen chairs on back porches and they talk of their lives while they snap beans or cut up cucumbers for pickling. It is a good way for them to catch up on things and to have time together, alone, for neither the children nor the men come around much when there is canning going on.

In the winter many of the men like to hunt, and this seems their season. They take off into the woods together, their good dogs running ahead,

and they hunt rabbit and sometimes deer and they talk about things and feel happy and free. If they shoot something, they bring it back home and skin it and cut it up and put it in their freezer to cook and eat later.

The children love all the seasons. They go down by the creek or into the woods or up the dirt roads with their good dogs and they feel more important than anything else in these Appalachian mountains, and probably they think often of God since they know the clouds and trees better than anyone. They have seen what God can do.

In summer if you walk the roads you will smell honeysuckle and the odors of cows and that gritty aroma dirt roads in the mountains send up your nose. The dogs will have a different smell every day.

Cynthia Rylant Appalachia: The Voices of Sleeping Birds

San Diego:
Harcourt Brace & Co.
1991

The men and women and children who live in Appalachia have no sourness about them and though they are shy toward outsiders, they will wave to you if you drive by in your car whether they know your face or not. Most would probably rather not meet anyone new, but once they are used to you, you will find them bringing you bags of tomatoes from their gardens and sometimes a cherry cobbler. Most of them are thinkers, because these mountains inspire that, but they could never find the words to tell you of these thoughts they have. They talk to you of their corn or their cows instead and they keep the thoughts to themselves.

When they die, they will want the preacher at their church to say the words at their funeral and they will want to be buried in the Appalachian

Mountains with their families. They will want someone to put flowers on their graves on Memorial Day.

While they are living they will look forward to spring so they can go to the Southern States store and buy packages of seeds to plant: and they will look forward to summer so they can work outside among the sunflowers, repairing their fences: and they will look forward to fall so they can rock on their porches and stare toward shimmering painted mountains: and they will look forward to winter so they can build their fires and watch the hollows fill up with snow, safe till the next year begins, Prince or King running the mountains like all good dogs in Appalachia.

Appalachian Zither

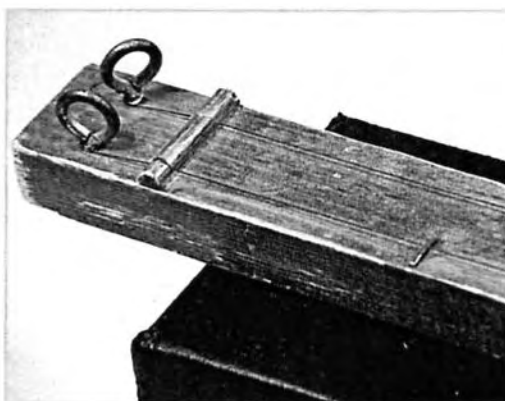
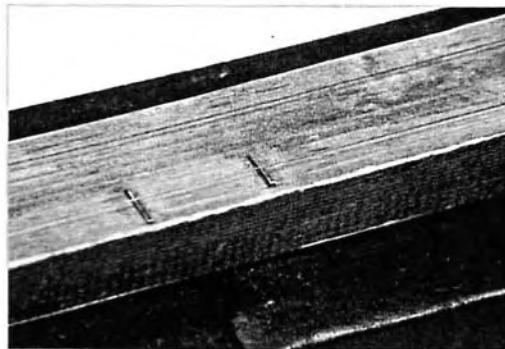
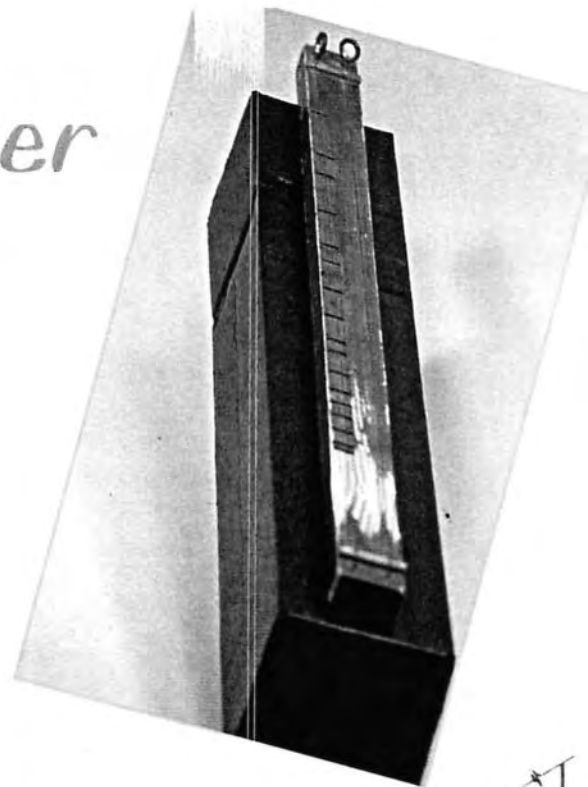
This project is based on a simplified Appalachian dulcimer design and will result in an easy-to-play, nice sounding instrument. The diatonic (white key) scale, as shown, makes finding familiar melodies easy.

Materials

proportionally-sized elongated box for sound box body
stick for neck
staple gun and staples for frets
dowels for nut and bridge
music wire
screw eyes for tuners
nails for hitch pins

Procedure

- 1 Select or modify a box to accommodate the fretboard stick. The one shown is 29½ in long. Sand stick flat and smooth.
- 2 Mark points for nut, bridge, and frets using fret numbers and the fret distances from nut based on a string length of 27 in between nut and bridge, as shown.
- 3 Once the nut and bridge are glued into place, the frets may be stapled into the fretboard one by one. Only the melody string is fretted. The other string(s) are drones and do not require frets. Each fret should stand up from the surface of the wood ¼ in.
- 4 Attach screw eyes and hitch pin nails to opposite ends of the fretboard.
- 5 Attach strings. Use lightweight metal strings (gauges .010 to .012).
- 6 Glue fretboard to box using wood glue or hot glue.
- 7 Tune strings to the interval of a fifth for standard dulcimer major scale tuning. (Note begins on third fret.) Consult a beginner dulcimer book for tuning options.
- 8 From the nut, strings should pass close to first frets and increase slightly in trajectory to the bridge. Make height adjustments in the nut, frets, and bridge to set string action and achieve optimum playability.



Top Staple frets
Bottom Screw eye tuners and nut

Fret placement will approximate this configuration.

String length between nut and bridge — 27 in.
Measure from the nut.

| |
|-------------|
| 2¾ in |
| 5¾ in |
| 6⅝ in |
| 8⅞ in |
| 10⅞ in |
| 11 13/16 in |
| 13¾ in |
| 14⅞ in |
| 16 3/16 in |
| 16⅞ in |
| 17⅞ in |
| 18⅞ in |
| 19½ in |
| 20⅞ in |
| 20⅞ in |
| 21½ in |
| 21⅞ in |

bridge

| | |
|--|--|
| This Old Man (Barney Song) 757 757 8 765456 56733334567 7446543 | London Bridge Is Falling Down 7 8 76567 456 567 7 8 76567 4 753 |
| Yankee Doodle 3345 354 334532 3345654 3201233 | Do Re Mi (all of it that is possible without sharps and flats) 3453535 do 4566546 re 5675757 mi 67 8 8 768 fa 7 34567 8 so |
| Jingle Bells 555 555 57345 6666655554454 7 555 555 57345 6666655577643 | Alphabet Song (same as Twinkle and Baa Baa Black Sheep) 337 7 8 8 7 6655443 7 76655 4 7 76655 4 337 7 8 8 7 6655443 |
| Frere Jacques (also Where Is Thumbkin) 3453 3453 567 567 7 8 7653 7 8 765 3 303 303 | Old MacDonald Had A Farm 333 0110 55443 333 0110 55443 00333 00333 333 333 333333 333 0110 55443 |
| My Country Tis Of Thee 334234 556543 43 23 7 7 7 765 666654 56543 5 6 7 86543 | Three Blind Mice 543 543 7665 7645 7 10 10 9 8 9 10 7 7 7 10 10 9 8 9 10 7 7 7 10 10 9 8 9 10 7 7 6543 |

| | |
|--|--|
| Oh, Suzanna 3457 7 8 753 45543 4 3457 7 8 75 345544 3 3457 7 8 753 45543 4 3457 7 8 75 345544 3 668 8 8 7 7534 3457 7 8 75 345544 3 | On Top of Old Smokey (On Top of Spaghetti) 3357 10 8 867 8 7 357 74 56543 |
| Nanna nanna boo boo 7 758 7 5 | Go Tell Aunt Rhody 55433 446543 7 7655543 453 |
| Clementine 333 0 5553 357 7654 45665453 354 0 243 | Pop Goes the Weasel 033445753 0334653 033445753 8 465 3 |
| Mulberry Bush 333357 753 34444221 0 33335 7 753 34401233 | Skip To My Lou 553357 44 22446 5533557 465433 |
| Ode To Joy (Theme from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony) 5567 76543345544 556776543345433 44534565345654340 556776543345433 | Happy Birthday 001032 001043 007531 665343 |
| Write your own songs (or figure out someone else's song) here | |

Jack the Giant Chaser: An Appalachian Tale

By

Kenn and Joanne Compton

An adaptation of “Jack and the Giants’ Newground” from Richard Chases’ *The Jack Tales*.
Jack the Giant Chaser was published by Holiday House, New York, 1993.

Reader’s Theater Version

Characters: Jack, Mayor, Old Man Ward, Cousin Harmon, Miss Josephine, Giant, 22 narrators

Narrator 1: One sunny day, Jack was returning home after running off some highway robbers. As he ambled down the road by the creek, minding his own business, he spied seven catfish swimming along the bank. Jack was feeling hungry, so he leaned over, picked up a smooth rock, and heaved it at those catfish. Wouldn’t you know, one rock hit all seven and killed ‘em dead! Jack cleaned ‘em, cooked ‘em, and had himself a fine dinner.

Narrator 2: After he’d eaten, Jack traveled on and traveled on until he came to his hometown. There, he noticed most of his neighbors and kinfolk were gathered in front of the general store. Jack walked up to them and announced,

Jack: I’m back.

Narrator 3: Nobody paid any attention. So he said, just a little bit louder this time,

Jack: Yep, I just had me a fine adventure.

Narrator 3: When the townsfolk continued to ignore him, Jack hollered,

Jack: I just killed me seven with one blow!

Narrator 3: Well, that got folks’ attention. Suddenly everybody crowded around Jack.

Everybody: Seven with one blow!

Narrator 3: they exclaimed. The townspeople made such a fuss that Jack didn’t have the heart to tell them it was only seven catfish that he’d killed.

Narrator 4: Finally the mayor got everybody to quiet down so he could make a speech. He called Jack up to the steps of the store and said,

Mayor: Jack, since you've been gone we've had nothing but trouble. Seems this mean old giant has taken to living up on Balsam Mountain. And he don't take too kindly to us down here.

Old Man Ward: Last week he come off the mountain and stole three of my best milk cows!

Narrator 5: shouted Old Man Ward.

Cousin Harmon: He stomped my whole field of corn and ruined half the rhubarb, too,

Narrator 5: yelled Cousin Harmon.

Miss Josephine: You oughta see how he pushed over my barn!

Narrator 5: exclaimed Miss Josephine.

Miss Josephine: None of us has had any peace for weeks!

Narrator 5: The mayor hooked his arm around Jack's shoulders and declared,

Mayor: What we need is a giant chaser, and I believe you are just the one for the job.

Narrator 6: With that, Jack's neighbors and kinfolk hooped and hollered and slapped poor old Jack on the back. Jack wasn't so sure he was cut out to deal with giants. But since everybody thought he was a hero, he figured he'd have to try and act like one.

Narrator 7: The next morning, Jack got up bright and early and set off to Balsam Mountain to find that giant. When he got up there, the giant wasn't home so Jack set himself down bold as you please on the front porch to wait for him. Wasn't long before the giant appeared over the ridge, carrying Miss Palmer's two prize pigs, one in each hand.

Jack: Howdy,

Narrator 8: said Jack.

Giant: Howdy yourself,

Narrator 8: replied the giant as he set down the pigs.

Giant: What you doing setting on my front porch, little man?

Jack: I'm hunting a giant. You seen one around here?

Giant: Haw! Seen one? Don't you know I *am* one?

Narrator 8: Jack looked that giant over and said,

Jack: I dunno. Most of the giants I've seen are lots bigger than you. But I reckon you're the one I'm aiming to get rid of.

Narrator 9: The giant just busted out laughing.

Giant: What makes you think you'z a match for me, little fellow?

Narrator 9: Jack looked surprised.

Jack: Why, I figured you'd heard of me. I'm Jack, and just yesterday I killed seven with one blow.

Giant: Seven! Is that a fact?

Narrator 9: The giant looked surprised.

Jack: Yep,

Narrator 9: said Jack.

Jack: Seven. Of course, I'm kinda the small one in my family. If my daddy was to catch up with you, I'd hate to think what'd happen.

Giant: Well,

Narrator 10: said the giant.

Giant: You must be tougher than you look, Jack. Before we commence to fighting, how'd you like to have something to eat?

Jack: Why, that's right neighborly,

Narrator 10: said Jack.

Jack: I reckon I can wait until this afternoon to take care of you.

Narrator 10: Now that old giant aimed to find out just how tough Jack was. So he went inside and got two huge buckets.

Giant: Let's go down to the creek and fetch up some water to cook with, Jack,

Narrator 10: said the giant.

Narrator 11: Jack knew there was no way he could even pick up the two buckets, much less lug them up the hill, full of water. But he had himself an idea. When they got to the creek, Jack waded out into the middle and reached down to the bottom.

Giant: What are you doing there, Jack?

Narrator 12: asked the giant.

Jack: I'm a-fixin' to grab hold of the creek so I can drag it up to your front door. No sense carrying just a little bit of water up there.

Giant: Whoa there, Jack! I don't want the creek that close to my house. It might flood me out someday. Just you grab one of these buckets and we'll be done.

Jack: Not me,

Narrator 12: said Jack.

Jack: If I can't carry the creek, I'll not be caught carrying this little bit of water! What if my kinfolk saw me?

Narrator 12: So the giant grabbed up both of those buckets himself and toted them up the hill to the cabin.

Narrator 13: After he got dinner started, the giant said to Jack,

Giant: Let's go outside and play a little mumblety-peg while the greens are cooking.

Jack: All right by me,

Narrator 13: said Jack. They went outside, and the giant pulled out his pocketknife and threw it clear across the yard and straight into the ground.

Giant: Your turn, little man,

Narrator 13: he said to Jack.

Narrator 14: Jack walked over to the knife and sized it up. It was nearly as tall as himself and probably weighed 150 pounds. There's no way I can pull this out of the ground much less throw it, Jack was thinking to himself. Didn't take Jack long, though, to come up with an idea. Looking out across the valley and the far mountains, Jack hollered,

Jack: Hey, uncle!

Giant: Who you calling uncle?

Narrator 15: roared the giant.

Giant: I ain't your kin!

Jack: I ain't talking to you. I'm yelling at my uncle who lives on the far side of those mountains. He could use a good knife like this one, so I figured I'd just toss it over to him.

Giant: Hold on there, Jack! That's my good knife and I'm not ready to part with it. You just toss it right here in the yard.

Jack: Well,

Narrator 15: said Jack.

Jack: If I can't throw it where I please, I won't throw it at all. What if my kin saw me?

Narrator 15: And he stomped into the cabin. The giant went inside, too, and dished up two plates of cornbread, greens, and ham. Then he and Jack sat down to eat.

Narrator 16: While they were eating, Jack began cocking his head to one side and glancing out the window. He kept doing it until he started to make the giant kind of nervous.

Giant: What are you looking at?

Narrator 17: demanded the giant.

Jack: Nothin',

Narrator 17: replied Jack.

Jack: I'm just looking to see what I can see.

Giant: Well, cut it out!

Narrator 17: said the giant.

Giant: You're starting to rile me.

Narrator 17: They kept on eating, and all the while Jack's eyes were glued to the window. Once he muttered out of the side of his mouth,

Jack: Hee haw! Here they come!

Giant: What do you see out that window, little man?

Narrator 18: growled the giant.

Jack: Oh, it's nothin',

Narrator 18: snickered Jack.

Jack: But if I was you, I'd hurry up and finish my dinner.

Giant: Now, hold your horses!

Narrator 18: cried the giant.

Giant: First you better tell me what you spied out that window.

Jack: Oh, it's nothin', I tell you,

Narrator 18: laughed Jack.

Jack: Nothin' but my daddy, my two big brothers, and about two dozen of my other kinfolk.

Narrator 18: Now the giant remembered that Jack said he was the smallest one in his family, and he got this bug-eyed look on his face.

Giant: Land's sake, if all of them catch up with me at once, I'm as good as dead for sure. You gotta hide me, little man!

Narrator 19: Jack looked that giant over and said,

Jack: Now why would I wanna do that?

Giant: Aw, please don't let them catch me. I'll leave this valley, and you'll never see me again!

Jack: Well, I don't know. You promise you won't be back?

Giant: Oh, I promise, I promise!

- Narrator 19: Jack peered around the room and then told the giant,
- Jack: Quick, jump into your big ole barrel over in the corner and I'll do what I can to get shed of them.
- Narrator 19: It took some doing, but after a lot of shoving and squeezing, the giant was finally crammed into the barrel, and Jack slammed the lid on as tightly as he could.
- Narrator 20: Then Jack began making all kinds of commotion in the cabin, pretending like his kinfolk were really there. He turned over chairs, threw pots and pans around, and dumped drawers in the floor. All the while he was hollering and screeching like twenty men. Then Jack shook that giant's barrel real hard and shouted,
- Jack: He ain't here, I tell you! There ain't no giants in this cabin!
- Narrator 21: Finally, Jack rolled the barrel to the door and shoved it off the porch. Jack ran after it as it bounced and bumped all the way down the mountain until—*Smack*—it hit a tree. Out crawled the giant.
- Giant: I'm much obliged to you, little man. You saved my life,
- Narrator 21: said the giant, rubbing the bump on his head.
- Jack: Oh it was nothing,
- Narrator 21: Jack told him.
- Jack: Now you better hightail it out of here 'fore those boys come back lookin' for you.
- Narrator 22: The giant bolted across the creek, over the ridge, and past the state line. And that was the last Jack or anybody in those parts ever saw of that bothersome creature.

Anthropological Study of Appalachian Songs and Text

Name of Song/Text:

Names of anthropologists studying this song/text:

1. What material items are in this song/text (e.g., trees, rocks, buildings, etc.)?
2. Based on material items or other clues, when could it have been written?
3. What linguistic features do you see in this song/text?
4. What events take place in this song/text?

5. Why do you think the song/text was written?
6. You have in your packet some ancillary information that might pertain to this song or text. What light does it shed on what you know already about the song or text you have been studying?
7. Are there tentative conclusions you might draw about Appalachian culture based on your study above? Remember, this is one song or text of many possibilities, but it may still be a legitimate representation of the culture. Our collective study may help us to confirm your conclusions.